

The Ford International Weekly THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

C. J. FORD, Vice President.

E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 9, December 25, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both old and new address.
3. Write clearly.

"Charity" and "Institutions"

THE New York police recently voted down a proposition to establish a Police Hospital. The proposal apparently originated with politicians who were anxious to get another institution with another block of jobs under their control, and they conceived the idea of putting it through on the basis of the approval of the uniformed man on the beat. To insure this approval, they arranged that the policemen's votes should be made verbally before the captain at each precinct station house. Under this method the hospital was unanimously approved—it apparently having been intimated to the policemen that the "higher ups" wanted it. But afterward a secret vote was taken, where each patrolman could express his private conviction without coercion or fear, and this vote was heavily against the hospital plan.

It is an excellent sign. There are too many groups making a business of charity, and the people are getting tired of it. Enough is taken from the general public in money every year to go far toward balancing the inequalities of the present system, if it were applied to inequalities instead of the continuance of an undesirable condition.

There is an element in commercialized charity which debases both him who gives and him who receives. The great argument of many of our "drives" is this: "If you give once this year, we will not bother you for twelve months with the misery and want of the world." And that is wrong. If there is misery and want in the world, those who are able to prevent and abolish it—if there are any such—ought to see so much of it that they will do their full duty toward it, and not compromise with their duty by giving a contribution.

It is right and proper that immediate and urgent need should be met, but that is not enough; the cause of the need should be probed; and no man has made his contribution to true charity who has not gone deeper than his own pocket. Human fellowship, true sympathy, honest charity which is akin to justice, has a higher field of action than the debasing of a needy human being by rendering him the recipient of another's alms.

Then there is the question of the energy which is misused in these enterprises. The tremendous pressure of enthusiasm and effort which any "drive," local or national, can command and consume would, if directed toward objects of permanent achievement, go a long way toward putting many things right. It is really astounding how much energy and enthusiasm can be put into the work of giving poor people a dinner on a festival day, and how little interest could be roused among the same philanthropists in the less picturesque but more useful work of arranging matters so that everybody could get his own dinner every day.

"Charitable institutions," so-called, are not charitable; they are paid for just as actually as any other institution is; the only difference being that the "charitable institutions" are paid for by people who do not use them, while the non-"charitable" institutions are paid for by those who do use them, and as a consequence the latter are far more efficient, far more serviceable to society than the others. There are "charitable institutions" which serve no other purpose than to give light minds the comfortable feeling that "something is being done"; they are mere internment places for people whose plight spoils the view for sensitive people. It would be really charitable to abolish some

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

of the "charitable institutions" now in existence, and place their inmates in the homes of the people.

It is not only the money that matters, it is the energy, the false beliefs, the half-way methods that constitute the pitiable insufficiency of what some people try to do. We need an entirely new, a radically changed attitude toward charity, which at first may even appear to be coldly inhuman, but in the end it would justify itself by the permanent benefits which through it would accrue to human beings.

The Need for Salesmanship

THERE was a time when one of this country's proudest boasts was its salesmanship. We studied it, developed it and made it an art, for the successful practice of which no effort was too great. Then came the war and salesmanship went into a decline.

War's demands and the money which war put into circulation made the selling of goods so easy that salesmen became mere order takers. As demands grew and the supply lessened it was no longer necessary even to go out and take orders. Men sat in their offices and the orders rolled in so heavily that buyers, in many cases, had to beg consideration of their needs and took it as a personal favor if they got it.

There is no condition so much relished by business as a rising market and for months the market in this country rose daily. Anything went and at any price. Apparently there was no limit to the buying public's desires or its ability to pay.

And then, more suddenly even than it had risen, the wave of buying receded; the period of readjustment began. The thing which many salesmen had assured themselves could not happen did happen—prices began to slump.

That should have been the signal for the revival of the art of salesmanship. That was the time to get out into the market again, to study the situation and to adopt new policies to meet it. But did this happen? The answer will be found in a score of industries, and the answer is "No!"

Instead of digging out of his office to build up new business, the salesman has dug himself in and hung crape on the door. He has taken the attitude that because business no longer comes to him there is no business; that because the public is not buying it cannot be persuaded to buy. All of which is simple nonsense.

The way to get business is to make business. The way to revive buying is to revive selling. And the time to do it is now. Not January 1! Not next spring! Not next summer, but now!

The United States is neither dead nor defunct. It is functioning normally and it has a huge share of the world's gold with which to do business. But the workman cannot labor and the manufacturer cannot produce until the salesman begins to sell goods.

It cannot always be harvest time. There must always come a day when the crops are in and the profits counted. And when that day comes the only way to assure another crop is to get to work and cultivate one.

Homes—Rural and Urban

D WELLERS in rural America who are inclined to envy their brothers in the cities the joy of living in a four-room flat, or in a story and a half house on a 35-foot lot, will do well to consider for a moment the plight of the folks in Jeffersontown, Kentucky.

After writing municipal history for 126 years, during which it experienced good, bad and indifferent administrations, Jeffersontown has decided that the bad and the indifferent outweigh the good by such a large margin that there is no use living under such conditions any longer. Therefore the citizens have been petitioned for permission to give up their charter and abandon city government.

There is a good deal of common sense in the rebellion of Jeffersontown. Municipal government is an expensive luxury. And it grows more and more expensive so that what may be called its marginal utility is being wiped out. In other words, the city dweller has to pay more for living in cities than the privilege or luxury—call it what you will—is worth.

Naturally it is not possible nor desirable for all cities to follow the example of Jeffersontown. We need and shall continue to have cities. But we need not continue to overvalue them as places of residence. We should be willing, very soon, to acknowledge the fact that from the standpoint of the home-seeker and the home-builder the city is going back and the country is coming forward. One can now live in the country and yet enjoy all the conveniences of urban life—minus the taxes and plus the country.

Cross-Currents

IT WAS the people of Holland who first adopted the rooster as a medium for the weather vane, soon to be followed by England, because of the incident in which the cock figured when the Apostle Peter denied his Lord.

"As changeable as a weathercock," is an old adage, which illustrates the swinging of the vane. But because the vane may point to all four points of the compass in as many minutes, does not mean that the wind has changed that many times from its original quarter.

A man raking up the leaves on a lawn rakes with the wind. He has the leaves piled up and the wind is blowing steadily from the North. Then there is a sudden gust from the South, a cross-current, a whirling eddy, and the leaves are blown back over the lawn. But the man does not begin to rake toward the North, for the wind is still in that quarter. He knows that the gust which drove the leaves back was merely a caprice of the breeze, and so he still rakes them again with the wind. It is only one of those happenings which occur in the day's work, and which can be repaired by patient labor.

In the cross-currents of life the same thing holds true. A man who has always lived a good, upright life may, in a moment of moral or physical weakness, give way to a sudden temptation. A cross-current has struck him and, for a time, faces him in the opposite direction to that in which he has been traveling. He may have thought too highly of his own ability to resist temptation. He may not have guarded his weak point as he should. He may have been in a boastful frame of mind, which always precedes a fall. But even though he fell, he should not be regarded as a degenerate man. The damage can be repaired, although it will take time and patience and suffering.

Many people are apt to say, when a man or woman, who up to that time has lived an exemplary life, makes a misstep, "Now we see him in his true character; all that has gone before was but a masquerade."

Oh for a little of that charity which was extended to Peter when, for a moment, he was swerved by a cross-current! Why try to tear down and destroy a reputation which has been built up by years of right living? How much better it is to have sympathy for the one who has been caught in the cross-current amid the winds of life, and help him to steer straight again.

Aviators will tell you that after climbing to a great height and then flying with the wind, they will suddenly encounter a cross-current of air, which causes them to go tumbling from their course, sometimes to their destruction. If they can recover their equilibrium, they turn about and begin the long, laborious climb to reach their former height again.

If you have climbed to a height of moral attainment, if for years you have been a respected member of the community, if your face has always been set toward the sun, and you have been caught in a cross-current, faced about the other way, crushed to the earth, perhaps, and are sick and bleeding, don't despair.

It was probably your own fault that you fell, and you deserved the punishment that your act has caused you, but by your own efforts you can rise again to the heights you once attained. Yes, and you can go to sublimer heights, if you so will it. It will take time, the road will be full of discouragements and temptations to give up the fight, but you will win again if you will only press on.

"One ship goes east, another west,
By the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale
That determines the way they go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm, or the strite."

Has a Story to Tell

AMONG the new figures in Congress is Daniel Sutherland, who comes to Washington with a message which may well attract the attention of this nation. It is a story of the grievous oppression of a people. It is filled with tales of shocking injustice, of bureaucratic stupidity and of downright governmental dishonesty. It tells of the processes employed in an effort to stunt and stifle and finally wipe out a brave and hardy people by depriving them of their means of livelihood.

It is a story which should attract instant attention in a country which professes to be exceedingly interested in the rights of small countries—since it is the story of our own abuse, mismanagement and robbery of the people of Alaska.